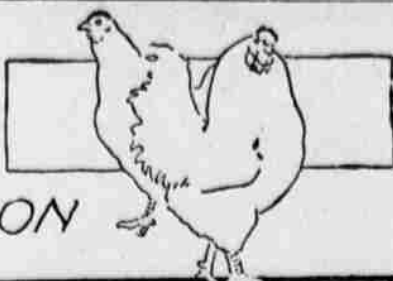


EATING EGGS by the BILLION

By WILLARD W. GARRISON



U NCLE SAM is the heaviest egg eater in the world. In fact, so fond is the old U. S. A. of the hen product that another century may see the deposition of the bald-headed eagle and the crowning of another feathered monarch.

These United States eat 154,000,000 eggs each day—1,080,000,000 a week—4,620,000,000 a month—56,160,000,000 a year.

Every man, woman and child in the country consumes a little over an egg and a half each day. If you, personally dislike eggs for food there is some one else in some part of America who puts three away as a foundation for his or her breakfast coffee.

Easter week, the biggest egg occasion the year 'round, sees the consumption of about two billion eggs—violet, pink, crimson, purple, yellow and some green.

That the egg will displace all others as the national food tidbit is the prognostication of those who earn their livings by raising chickens. Chicago, alone, with less than two million population, Easter week last, put away 60,000,000 eggs. So greedy was the Windy city about this article of diet that lots of other portions of the United States which secure their allotment of hen



SORTING EGGS



FANCY BREAKFAST CARTOON



READY FOR SHIPMENT

fruit from the market at the city by the lake had to go eggless Easter.

Jim Patten's wheat corner will be a mere bagatelle alongside of the movement of the man who can corner eggs. Small egg corners are frequent, however. Cold storage men often lay aside several millions in a semi-frozen state and hold them for nine months or so, dumping them on the market when the price is in the clouds.

But the cold storage egg is inferior because the fresh egg advocate argues the chicklet has a chance to grow a little before the yellow inside freezes, thus storing up nasal evidence against the purity of the product.

For the housewife in the big city there is an everyday opportunity to effect a coup, for when she can find a producer who sells "eggs laid fresh to-day," she considers herself a model of wifely devotion. But as there is no smell on the outside of the shell, there are often lots of angry glances from the male partner in the household, which are born of the unborn chick.

The length of time that an egg will keep fresh is governed by the care which is taken in its preservation. They are packed in ice as a rule, and if packed soon enough after being laid, the chicken life is properly killed and thus the angry eye-to-eye message is eliminated.

Suitable to the occasion is the aged tale of the man with the flowing mustache and the time-marked egg. He had it for breakfast—the egg—and being a city man rode down to his place of business in conventional manner, taking no notice of the fact that while the seat beside him remained vacant there were half a dozen commuters standing nearby.

As he alighted at his destination a sniff likened to the odor of an egg of evil intentions pierced his nasal sense. During the walk to his office he noticed that the smell was everywhere. It was in the street, in the rotunda of the office building, in the elevator, in the hall on the nineteenth floor, and he was startled beyond measure to find that on entering his office he smelled egg there, too.

Stepping to the desk of the head bookkeeper, he asked him if he smelt an unhealthy odor. "Why, no," replied the knight of the day ledger casting a glance at the yellow streak clear

across the boss' mustache. His stenographer being too polite to remark on the yellow streak, edged to the leeward side of her chair when he bent toward her in dictating a letter.

He made the rounds of the office employees, asking whether they smelt egg, but all being too polite to tell him he had overlooked an important point, declared they smelt no egg. The odor stayed with him.

In desperation he fled to his private office, muttering as he slammed the door: "My heavens, the whole world smells, and no one knows it but me."

But that is only a minor point in the adoption of a new national food by Uncle Sam. With each year the production of the hens of the country is becoming smaller in proportion to the demand for eggs. As a consequence the experts declare that each succeeding year will see the price soar beyond expectations. The last months of winter and the first of early spring are the hardest for the egg eaters, for then the cost soars, there are less of the precious morsels and those which appear are often holdovers from the year previous, but even those bring prices ranging from 30 to 40 cents a dozen.

The time is remembered by many when the best eggs brought 12 cents a dozen in retail stores, and the wholesale price was below that. So steep has the conventional cost become that thousands of farmers are yearly devoting their land to the raising of fowls.

The industry has already become a mighty factor in national life and within two decades if the country continues to eat eggs at the present rate of increase, the business of growing eggs may outweigh that of cattle and grain.

In the large cities, Chicago, for instance, the high price of meat compelled the poorer classes to adopt the egg as a means of obtaining nourishment. The increased demand of course boosted the price, but still the middle and upper classes cling to the fowl product, foul or fair.

In the great marts of trade the egg industry is perhaps the most interesting of all. One great cold storage warehouse in Chicago during the last egg famine, unloaded on the market close to 6,000,000, and every one was sold to the local retail merchants. The eggs were said to have been in cold storage for nine months, pending an

CANDLING EGGS

Increase in price sufficient to yield the speculators a considerable profit. They estimated the proceeds after all expenses had been met, at four cents on the dozen—\$20,000 on the lot.

Other great egg corners have been manipulated and the profits doubtless have been even greater, but they seldom come to the public ear because of the shekels which are raked in from the enterprise.

In the egg corner mentioned above, scores of men worked day and night for two days getting the product out of cold storage to place them on the market while the price held up.

The workmen were where they could be called at once, and the minute the word came over the telephone to get the great crates out of the cold storage warehouse, the toilers were set to work. Two days later every egg had been sold, the money collected and more than half of them eaten by the consumer.

It was a great coup and only one of the many. Other enterprises of like nature where the proceeds have ranged into large figures, have been told, but the details seldom became public property. This, by reason of the fact that the egg "corner" is to-day a rather undeveloped science.

But the monarchs of other branches of the producing world have come to look upon movements of that sort as one of the money makers of the days to come.

Early this month when eggs (cases returned), were bringing only 19 cents a dozen, wholesale, the lover of them felt fairly jubilant and barnyard prognosticators predict that this jubilant feeling shall prevail for the rest of the summer.

Extra quality eggs were then selling at 23 cents a dozen, while ordinary "firsts" brought 19 cents and "firsts" one cent more a dozen, "prime firsts" selling at 21 cents.

So, with the sway of the strawberry the price of eggs dropped off, and before August, it is said, the cost may go lower.

With the private producers, who sell only limited quantities of eggs, 40 cents a dozen is not an unheard of figure for what are known as "eggs laid fresh to-day." Of course, the right to that title must be undisputed, and often when eggs are sold, backed by a reputation for freshness, higher prices are paid for them by the epicures.

However, frauds in eggs are as frequent as swindles in other industries, and fastidious persons, who hate cold storage eggs worse than they do paying fancy prices, are often taken in by the "farmer" who rides into the city on the interurban, buys up a large cargo of eggs in the open market, rents a wagon, the muddier the better, and proceeds to distribute cold storage eggs for the product he claims is "laid fresh to-day."

Helping the Halt.

A certain informed bachelor, one of those the Gateway succeeded in getting on the list during leap year, tells of one of the boys who after attending a farewell bachelor supper meandered home in a muddled state late one Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning, and, getting as far as the entrance of his rooming house, he sat down on the stone steps, his hat fell off on his knees and with head bowed down he slumbered peacefully. He awoke about nine o'clock and found 34 cents in his hat. Charitably inclined early churchgoers had mistaken him for a beggar and dropped their pennies into his upturned hat.—Bremen (Ga.) Gateway

FORTUNE FROM TWO WATCHES

Lucky Deal He Didn't Want to Make Brought Wealth to Jeweler of Seattle.

Two watches, one worth \$90 and the other \$50, traded a little unwillingly for two tracts of land near Seattle, one ten and the other five acres, about thirty-eight years ago, has piled up a fortune for John B. Miller, who formerly had a jewelry store in Portland, a Seattle dispatch says.

Mr. Miller had a watch store on the West side when Seattle had a population of about 2,000. A friend came in and wanted to trade ten acres near Seattle for a watch. Miller was not anxious to trade, but finally consented and secured a deed to the land, for which he gave a \$90 watch. Shortly afterward the man came into the store again and said his wife wanted a watch and offered to trade a five-acre tract adjoining the first ten. Miller finally consented and got a deed to the property.

The land was then some distance out from Seattle and was really of little value, but Miller clung to it. About twelve years ago he was offered \$4,000, but he refused to sell, although his friends urged him to do so. He went over to Seattle several years ago and has sold from the five-acre tract \$27,000 worth of lots and out of the ten acres \$50,000 worth. He still holds 17 lots.

What a Man May Do.

I know of one conspicuous example of what may be done by men of inherited fortune. A young man of ample means who did not wish to engage in any business pursuit thoroughly educated himself here and abroad at the universities. He then made himself master of a technical pursuit by the study of forestry abroad. After a year or two of professional work he relinquished it to accept a responsible position in the government, where he is now rendering great and highly appreciated service in working out the best policy for conserving our forests and other natural resources.—From A. Barton Hopburns "The American Business Man," in the Century.

German Prince Now Merchant.

Prince Henry XXXII. of Reuss has just passed his examination at the Commercial academy at Cologne whereby he secures a diploma as a qualified merchant. The prince, who has been studying at the Cologne commercial college for two years, is the first prince in Germany who has trained himself for a commercial career. He will follow up his successful examination by entering the office of a great Hamburg merchant as a voluntary unpaid clerk, and in this capacity he will serve his apprenticeship. His choice of a business calling is regarded as a remarkable sign of the times.

His Dishonest Hair.

They sat at a little table on the balcony at the Ninth ward summer garden, looking over the railing at a man at a table below.

"That man," he was telling her, "is a scoundrel. He hasn't an honest hair in his head."

"From here," she commented, "it looks as if he hadn't any hair to speak of. It's a pity that what he has can't be just a little bit honest."

Necessity for Plainness.

"He's very plain in his speech. He calls a spade a spade." "Well, he would hardly get one in a hardware store if he called it a planola, would he?"

When Some People Use It.

A little boy was asked by his teacher to define the fluid known to chemists as H₂O. Almost without hesitation, the bright little chap answered: "Water is a colorless liquid which becomes dark when you wash your hands in it."—Lippincott's.

Courtesy.

"Don't keep me out in this night air," wailed the fair hold-up victim, "I'll catch my death of cold." Whereupon the gentlemanly robber covered her with his gun.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.
Cattle—Beef steers, 4.50@7.15; cows and heifers, 3.40@6.00; stockers and feeders, 3.75@4.85; calves, in carlots 5.50@8.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, 7.00@8.05; good heavy, 7.50@8.15; rough, 7.50@7.70; light, 7.50@7.80. Sheep—Mutton, 4.00@5.50; lambs, 6.25@8.75.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Cattle—Native steers, 5.00@7.00; southern steers, 4.00@6.25; cows and heifers, 2.75@6.00; stockers and feeders, 4.00@5.50; bulls, 3.00@5.50; calves, 3.50@7.00. Hogs—Heavy, 7.50@7.80; packers and butchers, 7.50@7.75; light, 7.15@7.65; pigs, 6.00@7.00.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Cattle—Beef steers, 7.20@7.25; stockers and feeders, 3.60@5.50; cows and heifers, 2.50@6.30; calves, 5.75@7.55. Hogs—Light, 7.50@7.80; mixed, 7.45@8.10; heavy, 7.50@8.15; rough, 7.50@7.80; packers, 7.55@7.85; pigs, 6.25@7.15. Sheep—Native, 3.75@6.00; western, 3.75@5.80; lamb, 5.00@8.25; western lambs, 5.75@8.25.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Wheat—No. 3, red, 1.45@1.52; No. 2, 1.40; No. 4, 1.35@1.30; No. 2 hard, 1.30@1.35; No. 3, 1.52@1.58; No. 4, 1.05@1.20. Corn—No. 2, 73¢; No. 3, 72¢; No. 4, 71¢; No. 2 white, 75¢; No. 3 yellow, 74¢; No. 4 yellow, 73¢; No. 3 oats, 73¢; No. 2, 54¢; No. 3, 52¢; No. 4, 51¢; No. 2 white, 57¢; No. 3, 55¢; No. 4, 54¢@55¢.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Wheat—No. 2, red, 1.50@1.60; No. 3, 1.40@1.50; No. 2 hard, 1.26@1.28; No. 3, 1.23@1.25; No. 4, 1.20@1.25. Corn—No. 2, 74¢@74½¢; No. 3, 74½¢@74¾¢; No. 4, 73¢@74¢; No. 3 white, 76½¢; No. 2 yellow, 75¢@75½¢; No. 3, 74½¢; No. 4, 73¢. Oats—No. 3, 55¢; No. 3, 54½¢; No. 4, 54½¢@55¢.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Wheat—No. 2, red, 1.45@1.47; No. 3, 1.35@1.40; No. 4, 1.20@1.34; No. 2 hard, 1.31@1.36; No. 3, 1.27@1.35; No. 4, 1.13@1.31. Corn—No. 2, 69½¢; No. 3, 69½¢; No. 4 yellow, 69½¢@70¢; No. 3, 69½¢; No. 2 white, 71½¢; No. 3, 71½¢. Oats—No. 2, 54¢@55¢; No. 3, 53¢@54¢; No. 4, 53¢@54¢.



"Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?"
"You cannot; she's engaged."
"That's all right; I'm the fellow she's engaged to."

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